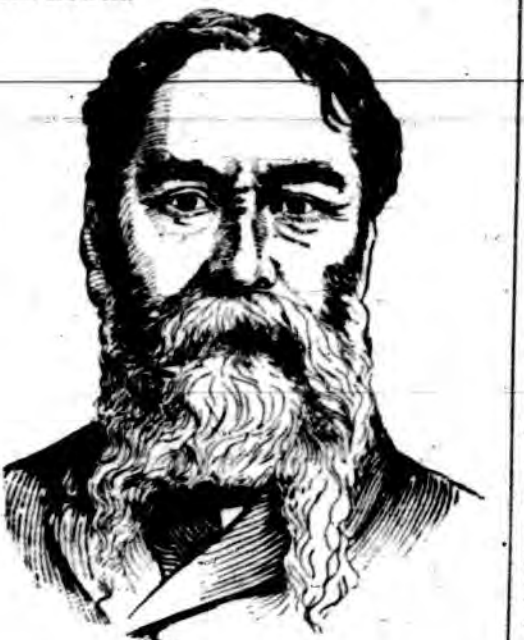


HOSEA BIGLOW IS GONE.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S WRITINGS
AND THEIR INFLUENCE.His Greatest Mission, Perhaps, Was to
Make Injustice and Trickery Ridicu-
lous—He Set Americans to Laughing at
Dishonesty in Politics.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—One fine morning forty-three years ago there was a great sensation in Harvard college. The seniors stood apart in solemn groups and conversed in low tones, while a few in the lower classes smiled derisively. The best writer in the senior class and one of the most popular lads in the college had just been "rusted," as the phrase then was—suspended for a time for neglect of his text books—and his name was James Russell Lowell.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

He spent this vacation at Concord, which was just then the center of a great effervescence. The Transcendentalists were manifesting themselves, Carlyle was beginning to read, Ralph Waldo Emerson to talk of, Dana and others were projecting all sorts of social and industrial reforms, the outcome of which a little later was the Brook Farm community. Hawthorne was cultivating the occult. The abolitionists were creating a slight stir, and as they were greatly abused the usual results followed—the most radical of them became wildly enthusiastic, gloried in persecution and went beyond the bounds of common sense.

All this was mightily amusing to young Lowell, and he satirized it in that once famous "Class Poem," in which he attacked impartially Carlyle and Emerson, the social innovators and the abolitionists. It is reported that the writer was long sorry he had ever written such a satire. He became a warm friend of Emerson and the Brook Farm people, and the public kindly obliged him by forgetting his poem after they had had their laugh. So far as the general public is concerned, Mr. Lowell was in complete obscurity for the next eight years. He was doing some of his very best work, too, but it was very scholarly and did not deal with themes of popular interest.

In 1846 he blazed forth again, far more brilliant than before in the popular estimation, in the immortal "Biglow Papers." The first appeared in June, 1846, in the Boston Courier, and the last (of the first series) in 1848. They cannot be analyzed. They must be read to be appreciated, and already there is some lack of appreciation because the conditions of that time cannot be reproduced. The most learned and the most simple readers enjoyed them equally, and those who could not or did not read soon felt their effect. They worked one important revolution. Down to that time the public had laughed at the extravagances of reformers, abolitionists especially. "Hosea Biglow" set the world to laughing at the other side. The abolitionists especially had furnished much fine sport to the wits, now they had the scoffers on the hip, and many can remember how joyfully they "rubbed it in," how they quoted and shouted, and even tried to sing the peculiar dialect lines. The fun with the abolitionists was over; after 1848 they were discussed with an awful seriousness.

The great object of attack was, of course, the Mexican war and extension of slavery, but incidentally all sorts of political trickery, hypocrisy and cant are assailed, as in the famous opinions of Mr. John P. Robinson:

We were gittin on nicely up here to our village,
With good old ideas o' wut's right and wut
sin't;
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an
pillage,
An thet epplets worn't the best mark of a
saint;

But, John P.
Robinson, he
Ses this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

Parson Wilbur sez he never heard in his life
Thet th' apostles rigged out in their swaller-
tail coats
An marched round in front of a drum an a fife
To git some on 'em office an some on 'em
votes;

But, John P.
Robinson, he
Ses they didn't know ev'rythin down in Judee.

It would be extremely interesting to compare this with the college poem in which he satirized the abolitionists, but that is by common consent omitted from his collected poems as published today. When the civil war came "Hosea Biglow" revived, but the general public did not appreciate him as in 1846. In fact it was only those lines aimed at England which seemed to please almost every one, as instances those in the poem on the Mason and Slidell affair:

Of all the same that I can call to mind
England does make the most unpleasant kind;
It's you're the sinner oilers, she's the saint,
Wut's good 's all English, all thet isn't ain't;
Wut profits her is oillers right an just,
An ef you don't read Scripture so, you must;
She's praised herself ont she fairly thinks
There ain't no light in Natur when she winks.
Hain't she the Ten Commandments in her pus?
Could the world stir 'bout she went, to, as
nuz?

She ain't like other mortals, thet's a fact,
She never stopped the habus corpus act;
She don't put down rebellions, let 'em breed,
An's oillers willin Ireland should secede.

Strange to say, the English laughed at this, and when Mr. Lowell was minister at the court of St. James he was almost the most popular man in Great Britain. His "Legend of Brittany" and "Vision of Sir Launfal" were written before the first "Biglow Papers," but came into general notice very slowly. Almost to the last he was an industrious magazine contributor, and if he had not been a poet his prose writings would have secured him a high rank.

But his greatest mission was to make false and unjust the objects of popular satire and to rebuke the common tendency to condemn any reform or indeed any movement, because many of its promoters are wild and eccentric.

J. H. BEADLE.

NO HALF PRICE.

It Will Cost a Round Half Dollar to Get
Into the Fair.

(Special Correspondence.)

CHICAGO, Aug. 17.—It will cost a genuine, bright, silver half dollar to get within the gates of the World's fair grounds in 1893. Nor will it be any good for the "koniakers" to attempt to pile up a stock of spurious coins for the event, for the men who will take in the cash and hand the tickets out through the apertures of their little booths will be selected with special regard to their ability to pounce upon a counterfeit, not only by its weight or its feeling, but by the looks of it a yard off. Nor, again, will it be any use for Aunt Maria or Grandmother Lizzie to bring their little brood of children or grandchildren from the country and expect to have them passed through the turnstiles at half price. There will be no occasion for a big impatient crowd to wait at the gates while the ticket taker is insisting that this boy or that girl is long past ten, and while Aunt Maria in her shrill tones is asserting her dignity and declaring that the little one has only just turned eight. For this much relief the prospective ticket takers may be truly grateful.

In a Wabash avenue car the other day I heard a woman, who probably expects to some day get to heaven, argue until she was hoarse that the boy that accompanied her, and who was thirteen if he was a day, had but just turned six, and the conductor told me that he had enough of similar experiences each succeeding week to turn his hair gray. There will be no necessity for any such departures from the strict line of truth and veracity at the World's fair grounds, simply because there will be no half price admissions. The 'smallest tot' that is able to toddle will have to pay his way, and, outside of those who may be entitled to complimentary tickets, only babies in arms will succeed in getting through the gates without money and without price, and if the visiting mothers are sensible—and most mothers are now—admits—they will leave their babies at home when they start on the journey to Jackson park. Some people have been inclined to criticize the idea of making the little ones pay the same price as the graybeards, but the ultimatum of the directorate has been signed and sealed and from it there is no appeal. Moreover, those who know say that it will resemble the laws of the Medes and Persians, in that it is very unlikely that it will be either altered or suspended.

Once inside the gates, however, there will be no occasion for the visitor to be diving into his pockets every few minutes for additional coins with which to secure admittance to some particular exhibit or show that wasn't included in the original price of admission. No circus tent side show business will be tolerated. If the fat woman, the man with the monster performing snakes, or the howling derisives manage to get their tents within the inclosure they will have to perform for nothing. The management does not propose to have the visitors "held up." Only one exception will be made to this rule. The natives from India, Egypt, Russia and Corea may possibly be permitted to give entertainments peculiar to their own countries in some one room of their own houses, but at the same time all the remaining portions of the structure will have to be kept open, in order that the ordinary visitor who may not care about taking in the show can wander about at will and study the people and their costumes without extra charge.

HENRY M. HUNT.

What Stephen B. Elkins Is Doing.

SARATOGA, Aug. 18.—Since the great political campaign of 1884 Mr. Stephen B. Elkins has to some extent retired from activity in party and political management. At the Chicago convention of 1884 Mr. Elkins won his highest laurels as a political general, for he handled with consummate ability the strangely discordant mass of delegates who assembled in Chicago for the purpose of nominating a candidate for president. The delegation was discordant in its preference for candidates. A large number were in favor of the nomination of President Arthur; a very considerable number were anxious that John Sherman should become the standard bearer; while the friends of Mr. Blaine, headed by Mr. Elkins, were determined that at last Mr. Blaine should receive the nomination which had been so nearly his twice before.

Mr. Elkins displayed the qualities of a great and consummate master of masses of men upon that occasion. The strain upon him was enormous; for several days he did not have his clothes off. He was in constant danger of being overthrown by the strategy of the able men who were handling the canvasses of other candidates. He had embarrassments, trials and almost persecutions from irresponsible persons to meet, and yet during that exciting struggle he was master of himself in a manner which compelled the admiration of those who saw it—always genial, courteous and so calm in manner that it seemed almost as though he were there on an excursion of recreation or pleasure, rather than the commander in a great political battle.

With Mr. Blaine's defeat in 1884 for the presidency, Mr. Elkins turned his attention almost entirely to vast business interests in New York city. He did not give up his residence in the state of West Virginia, and he has a very beautiful summer home there, where he spends three or four months every year. It is in the development of West Virginia properties that Mr. Elkins' largest pecuniary interests are placed, and much of the enormous materialization of the splendid natural advantages of that state has been due to Mr. Elkins' efforts. As a politician he is probably the strongest man of his party there, and it has been frequently said that if his party shall ever be fortunate enough to control the legislature it will choose Mr. Elkins United States senator if it has the opportunity.

Mr. Elkins is a son-in-law of one of the most remarkable men produced by West Virginia, ex-Senator Davis, and though they do not agree politically, the business and family relations between these two men are closer than is usually the good fortune of men to enjoy. Mr. Elkins is believed to be making money very rapidly, and is now numbered among the multi-millionaires of New York city. His intimacy with James G. Blaine is very close, and there are many who believe that Mr. Blaine, if he should be ever elected president, would call Mr. Elkins into his cabinet, if the political emergency permitted it.

CHARLES LISTER.

FROM MANSION TO SHANTY.

Sorrowful Old Age of a Woman Who Was
Dickens' Friend.

A few miles east of Brooklyn a shanty, about twelve feet square and most rudely fashioned, stands in a little hollow which opens toward the Atlantic, and in that shanty with a dog, an assortment of cats and some pigeons, with goats and chickens thick about the door, live William and Victoria Tregear. It goes without saying that they are extremely poor, and it is a sort of surprise to learn that the old woman gives music lessons in the neighborhood, while the old man does a little work at odd times.

Yet that woman was reared in a fair degree of luxury in London; her father was Gabriel Shire Tregear, a wealthy picture merchant; she was long an intimate friend of Charles Dickens, and was and still is a lady of thorough education, refinement and literary taste. At her father's house in London, and still more at the mansion of her wealthy uncle, Dickens was a frequent visitor, and the little girl was his favorite, especially as his opponent in a game of chess. The story of her decline is both sad and romantic; still it's an old story. Great losses in trade were followed immediately by her father's death, the remainder of the estate fell into bad hands and was squandered, her wealthy relatives died, she became a governess, married, removed to America, and thus on and down to Shug Lake shanty, as the place is called.

She still styles herself Victoria Tregear, and so her rather noncommittal husband is known by the same name.



VICTORIA TREGEAR'S HOME.

among their few visitors. Of late years she has been writing her recollections of Dickens, and of London life in 1840-60, and the few who have examined the manuscript predict that it will be a very readable book. As might be expected, she is "badly broken," as her suburban neighbors say, though but sixty-one years old. It is only when a reporter or other curious visitor asks for the but that the people thereabout take any interest in this sad illustration of the awful vicissitudes of human life.

Two Recent Inventions.

Ladies' earrings are the subject of two novel recent inventions, one of which is of practical value not only to the fair wearers of jewelry, but to those who enjoy the privilege of replacing the earrings which are lost. Instead of a simple catch on the ear wire, there is a ring at the end of a little rod, sliding up and down in a minute tube at the back of the ear. That ring encircles the end of the ear wire, on which there is a very little knob, and is held firmly by a spring catch on the rod. It is absolutely impossible for the catch to be accidentally sprung or "come loose of itself," and the dainty golden rod, standing upright behind the ear, as it must, at the same time effectually prevents the earring from tipping itself up and dangling in an ungraceful position. The security it affords is, however, the main thing, and is even greater than that afforded by a plate behind the ear screwed on the shank of the setting.

The other invention is a swivel, secured in position by an almost microscopic lever and catch, to compel a solitary diamond to dangle at any required angle. That is for the benefit of ladies whose little ears lie flat against the sides of their heads. When they wear earrings only the edges of those adornments are presented to the view of those who face them. But with the new device the precious stones may be made to hang so as to cast their brilliance squarely in front, in friendly rivalry with the wearer's eyes, no matter how nature may have tipped her ears.

How the Elder Settled It.

Antoinette Sterling, the well known contralto, who used to sing in oratorio in America, and who has lately joined the Quakers, created an unusual sensation at a meeting in England. After the meeting had sat for a long time without the spirit moving any one to speak, Mme. Sterling got up and sang. Singing is unheard of in Quakers' meetings, but she sang "Rest in the Lord" without interruption. Afterward one of the elders approached her and said, "Thou knowest, sister, that it is against the rules, but if the Lord telleth thee to sing these must."

Chief of the Daughters of Veterans.

Miss Mollie Robertson, the recently chosen president of the National Alliance Daughters of Veterans, is a good looking brunette, twenty-seven years old, and a native of Mount Pleasant, Ia. She is at present living at Keokuk, where she has long been active as a member of the Women's Relief corps. To Miss Robertson, among others, is due the organization of Annie Wittenmeyer tent, No. 1, Daughters of Veterans, at Keokuk, the first association of the order formed in Iowa. At the organization of the National Alliance at Quincy, Ill., last year, she was chosen vice president, and when the state department of the order was formed a few weeks ago she was selected to act as president, and also to represent the department of Iowa.

MOLLIE ROBERTSON.

A CHINESE FARMER.

His Methods and Success Astonish the
Long Islanders.

Chinese farming on a small but wonderfully elaborate scale has been introduced at Flatbush, L. I., and the old settlers are astonished. All the agricultural



LEE YING HING.

tural lore accumulated by five generations of Dutchmen (and the Dutch are the wonders of the western world for getting much from a small space) has been beaten the first season by two Chinamen, Lee Ying Hing and his cousin and employee.

Lee was a farmer in China and again in California, and on removing to New York concluded that the city lines for getting much from a small space) has been beaten the first season by two Chinamen, Lee Ying Hing and his cousin and employee.

Of these the most noted is called "cabbage" by Lee himself, and a real luxury it is. The leaves resemble those of the white turnip, and the stem is something like a slender radish, but leaves, stem and all are delicious when served with the usual seasonings. One man says it tastes like spinach, another declares it is a very fine celery, while a third thinks it tastes "like crisp green lettuce did when I was a boy." Anyhow, it sells readily at ten cents a pound, and Lee thinks he can raise six crops a year on Flatbush soil.

Lee has, however, made a few serious mistakes. He did not understand the ways of Long Island weeds, and when he fertilized his field with half rotted stable manure and wet it down every morning it brought a great plague of flies, so he had to use wood ashes and bone fertilizer. He and his assistant live in a shanty on one of the lots, work in their native costume of blue blouse and pantaloons, with enormous high peaked straw hats, and trouble no one. In fact, they don't even object to being stared at.

Head of the Grand Army.

The Grand Army of the Republic, after having major generals, brigadier generals and brevet generals at its head, now has a plain captain, which illustrates the old saying that as the years go on after a great war the survivors are slowly promoted in the popular talk and estimation.

CAPTAIN PALMER.

Palmer, the new commander in chief, was born on Staten Island, March 22, 1842, and reared chiefly in Albany. Sept. 19, 1861, he enlisted in the Ninety-first New York volunteers, and in four years' hard service rose to the rank of brevet captain. Since the war he has been a boss painter in Albany and has prospered. His father was killed in the war and he was himself once carried off the field for dead.

Statistics of the Catholic Church. A bulletin recently issued by the census bureau gives some valuable information regarding the strength of the Catholic church in the United States. The total number of communicants is 8,250,045, who are attached to 10,221 organizations (churches, chapels and stations), making an average of 611 communicants to each congregation. The total value of church property, including edifices, the ground on which they stand, furniture, bells, etc., is \$118,351,516. The average value of each edifice is therefore about \$13,500.

The Metropolitan see of New York, with its 472,806 communicants, has church property valued at nearly \$9,000,000; that of Chicago comes second, with property worth \$3,457,064, and that of Boston third, with a total of \$4,879,078. Brooklyn comes fourth, with a valuation of \$5,751,907, and Newark fifth, with \$4,297,482. These five sees have more than one-fourth of the entire valuation of the church.

In the distribution of communicants, the archdiocese of New York comes first, with 472,806; Boston second, with 419,600; Chicago third, with 326,640; Philadelphia fourth, with 351,162; Brooklyn fifth, with 228,785; St. Paul sixth, with 203,484; and Baltimore seventh, with 192,597. There are twenty-two sees, which contain upward of 100,000 communicants each.

A Remarkable Accident.

One can never tell the moment of danger or in what manner a disaster may occur. Passengers recently arriving at Vicksburg from Jackson, Miss., report a strange accident occurring on a train of the Yazoo Valley railway, a branch of the Illinois Central. As the train was passing through a field a frightened quail flew in through a window and struck an aged lady in the face with such force as to destroy one of her eyes. The bird was instantly killed.

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